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REFLECTED LIGHTS
FROM PARADISE



COMPILED BY
MARY DUNNICA MICOU

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FROM THE BOOKS
OF
JOHN STAIGE DAVIS



Reflected Lights from Paradise

Comfort-Thoughts for Those Who Grieve

COMPILED BY
MARY DUNNICA MICOU



Milwaukee
The Young Churchman Co.

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1908
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1908

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This little volume of Comfort-Thoughts for those who grieve, is lovingly dedicated to my beloved son,

REV. GRANVILLE R. MICOU,

*Entered into the Communion of Saints
in Paradise, May 24th, 1902.*

Aged 26 years.

"When the Master he so loved met him on the other side, He met in him a servant who, as far as character and will go, was ready at once for any further task. He had given his best, and there was no more for him to give here."

Sections

THE CONSECRATION OF SUFFERING	- 1
THE MINISTRY OF GRIEF	- - - - 31
THE SPIRITUAL BODY	- - - - 65
RECOGNITION BEYOND THE VEIL	- - 93
THE MUTUAL MINISTRY OF PRAYER	- 125

Preface

This collection of comforting thoughts would need no further words, but could be left to make its own entrance into broken hearts, did I not wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to other compilations. Chief among the books I have used is an English publication of most choice selections, *The Inheritance of the Saints*. It is most complete, beautiful, and comforting, but rather long for reading during the first hours of grief. From that I have extracted only the paragraphs which fell as dew upon my own saddened heart, giving only the names of the writers.

To the compiler of *Reflected Lights* from Christina Rossetti's *The Face of the Deep*, I am intensely indebted, also to *The Cloud of Witnesses*. The other selections are my own, direct from the

authors. My aim has been to compile a small volume of short extracts that can be easily handled, simply suggestions for meditation. Also to be used as a gift book when the lips refuse to form the words of sympathy which crowd the heart when our friends are in trouble. A spoken word is forgotten, a written word, never; for there it stands to return time and time again, until it becomes a part of that memory which lives on forever. I send this forth with earnest prayers that the passages selected may illumine the way of the Cross for others, as fully and completely as they did for me when I stood "With emptied arms and treasure lost," and learned to say "I thank Thee while my days go on."

MARY DUNNICA MICOU.

Theological Seminary of Virginia.

May 24th, 1908.

The Consecration of Suffering



“Men as men
Can reach no higher than the Son of God,
The Perfect Head and Pattern of man-
kind.

The time is short and this sufficeth us
To live and die by; and in *Him* again
We see the same first starry attribute,
“*Perfect through Suffering*,” our salva-
tion’s seal,

Set in the front of His Humanity. . . .
While we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly; since this alone—
The Suffering—which is this world’s
special grace,

May here be perfected and left behind.”

—H. HAMILTON KING. •



IN the beginning, as we know, sorrow and pain were only the wages of sin. Since Christ 'bore our sins in His own body on the tree,' pain, whether of body or mind, has become a discipline. It is now to the righteous, as in the person of the Lord, not a punishment, but a perfecting and even a glorifying process. To the impenitent, and obstinately impenitent, it is still, in all its vigor, a scourge and punishment; while to the righteous it is a cleansing and a purifying process. 'For though no affliction for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit

of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' " — C. D. JACKSON, *Suffering Here—Glory Hereafter*.



"The path of sorrow, and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."
—COWPER.



"Lie still, my restive heart, lie still;
God's word to thee saith: 'Wait and bear.'
The good which He appoints is good,
The good which He denies were ill—
Yea, subtle comfort is thy care,
Thy hurt a help not understood."
—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



“Thank Him if He gives you grace to take upon yourself some pain, some suffering for ‘His body’s sake’; to give up for His cause some comfort, some possession of your own. But most of all may you bless His name for the sufferings that are left behind of Christ, and put upon you by the hand of God, to fill up in your own flesh. It is a joy to suffer when pain brings healing virtue; but to suffer *for Christ*—to bear something which He, in that day, will own as a burden borne for Himself—will be a joy like that of him who bore the cross when Jesus fainted. And let no one fear to come near to Christ,

lest he should have to bear that cross :
for it hath this mysterious virtue,
that when laid upon the soul, it draws
out of it, in due season, the root and
core of all other pain ; so that, though
it be the symbol of suffering, it is the
only cure of it, for it doth—

“Heal the broken heart,

And, like the plant that throws
Its fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woes.”

—C. D. JACKSON, *Suffering*
Here—Glory Hereafter.



“O patient Watcher over all!
If broken lives may best complete
Thy circle, let our fragments fall
An offering at Thy feet.”

—CARL SPENCER.



“The knowledge and love of God is rare and precious because we win it at such a cost. If many things are still dim to us, if we implore ‘in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting,’ and we can hardly ask it for sad and weary yearning, perhaps it is because we are yet only on the threshold of the spiritual life. For some souls it may need a long education before they are able to rise to the truth.”—
REV. E. WATSON.



“Show me the path! I had forgotten
Thee
When I was happy and free,
Walking down here in the gladsome light
of the sun;
But now I come and mourn; oh set
my feet
In the road to Thy blest seat!
And for the rest, O God, Thy Will be
done!” —JEAN INGELow.



PRAYER

“O Lord Jesus Christ, our sympathizing Saviour, who for man didst bear the Agony and the Cross; draw Thou near to Thy suffering servants,

in their pain of body or trouble of mind; hallow all their crosses in this life, and crown them hereafter where all tears are wiped away; where with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Thou livest and reignest, One God, world without end." Amen.—*The Treasury of Devotion.*



"What is it Jesus saith unto the soul?—

'Take up thy cross, and come and follow Me.'

One word He saith to all men, none may be

Without a cross, yet hope to reach the goal.

Then heave it bravely up, and brace
thy whole
Body to bear, it will not weigh on
thee
Past strength; or if it crush thee to
thy knee,
Take heart of grace, for grace shall be
thy dole."

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



"And there is more of this secret,
noiseless work of love than the world
knows—the fruit of patient suffering,
the impulse of tender love. Saints
there are without asceticism; heroes
without fame; martyrs, too, who die
a daily death. And so we know not
—such is the mystery of suffering—
but that he who endures great pains

of body, greater sorrows of mind, makes a religious and pious use, like Job, of his great affliction, is employed in a work as useful to man, and offers a sacrifice as acceptable to God as was ever required of any of His creatures. Courage, patience, endurance, self-conquest, fortitude, and faith—these are the most difficult virtues, the rarest, and therefore the most sublime. But such virtues can be developed largely only through suffering; and therefore only in such as have passed through ‘much tribulation’ do we see this mark of saintliness and grace.”—C. D. JACKSON, *Suffering Here—Glory Hereafter*.



“Our pains are portioned to our powers
—His hand may hurt, but cannot
harm:—

But if the Cross be on us laid, and our
soul’s Crown of thorns be made,
Then, sure, ’twere best to bear the Cross,
nor lightly fling the thorns behind,
Lest we grow happy, by the loss of
what was noblest in the mind!

Here—in the ruins of my years—
Master, I thank Thee through my
tears—

Thou suffered’st here, and didst not
fail—Thy bleeding feet these paths
have trod—

But *Thou* wert strong, and I am frail;
and I am man, and *Thou* art God!
How I have striven Thou knowest! For-
give how I have failed, who saw’st
me strive!”

—LYTTON.



“When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?”—*Job xxxiv.* 29.



“We have all seen a literal fire pale and dwindle under strong sunshine, but when screened off into comparative darkness, regain color and recover strength. Thus sunshine of earthly happiness may easily prove too exhaustive for some souls. And then it will be the good hand of our God upon them which sends darkness of sorrow—even if need be, darkness of death. . . .

“Presumably for most of us tribulation rather than ease constructs the safe road and the firm stepping stone.

Better to be taught by thorns of the
wilderness and briars, than in no
wise to be taught.

“Be our pangs schoolmasters to
bring us to Christ!” — CHRISTINA
ROSSETTI.



“Who is the Angel that cometh?
Pain!

Let us arise and go forth to greet him;
Not in vain

Is the summons come for us to meet
him;

He will stay
And darken our sun;

He will stay
A desolate night, a weary day,

Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are
won!

Let us say still while His bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured—

*'Blessed is he that cometh
In the Name of the Lord!'*

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.



“We suffer. Why we suffer—that is hid
With God’s foreknowledge in the clouds
of Heaven.”

—H. HAMILTON KING.



“If at some dark hours our hearts
sink, and we wonder whether any-
thing is being achieved, whether our
hope can be real, whether it can be

worthwhile to wait on and trust, then, beloved, let us remind ourselves that we have no gauge by which to measure the gains and the losses. We are not in a position to estimate God's winnings, for we know not yet what we shall be hereafter; we know not what God has in view, in store. His ultimate aim is hidden, far, far beyond the veil of death. And in view of that hereafter He may well be gaining more than we think out of this dark and chaotic probation on earth. . . . There will be something secured which the discipline and the purging of spiritual penitence can develop, cherish, and quicken."—PHILLIPS BROOKS.



“One touch from Thee—the Healer of
diseases;

One little touch would make Thy ser-
vant whole;

And yet Thou comest not—O blessed
Jesus!

Send a swift answer to our waiting
soul.

“Full many a message have we sent and
pleaded

That Thou wouldst haste Thy com-
ing, gracious Lord;

Each message was received, and heard,
and heeded,

And yet we welcome no responsive
word.

“We know that Thou art blessing whilst
withholding;

We know that Thou art near us,
though apart;

And though we list no answer, Thou
art folding

Our poor petitions to Thy smitten
heart.

“A bright and glorious answer is pre-
paring,

Hid in the heights of love—the depths
of grace;

We know that Thou, the Risen, still art
bearing

Our cause as Thine within the holy
place.

“And so we trust our pleadings to Thy
keeping;
So at Thy feet we lay our burdens
down;
Content to bear the earthly cross, with
weeping,
Till at Thy feet we cast the heavenly
Crown.”

—*The Shadow of the Rock.*



“Patience goes with sorrow, not
with joy. And by a natural instinct
sorrow ranges itself with darkness,
not with light. But eyes that have
been supernaturalized recognize, not
literally only but likewise in a figure,
how darkness reveals more lumin-
aries than does the day;—to the day
appertains a single sun, to the night

innumerable, incalculable, by man's perception, inexhaustible stars. This is one of nature's revelations, attested by experience. God grant us to receive the parallel revelation of grace; then whatever befalls us will by His blessing work in us patience, and our patience will work in us experience, and our experience hope."—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



"Strength for the day! At early dawn
I stand,
Helpless and weak, and with unrested
eyes,
Watching for day. Before its portal
lies
A low black cloud—a heavy iron band:

Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across
the skies,
Gladdening my upward gaze with
sweet surprise!
I own the sign: I know that He whose
hand
Hath fringed those sombre clouds
with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten
gold,
Will to my wandering steps be guide
and stay—
Breathe o'er my wavering heart His
rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folded palms to
hold
His blessed morning boon—strength
for the day."

—RACHEL G. ALSOP.



“Let us ask ourselves, What is my name? What is the peculiar combination of moral qualities which is in us and no others? The seed cast in me of God—oh, that I knew what mystery was hidden in its silent history! Let the rains of God come, and the winds and the clouds pass over me, if only this name may break out and open into shape of flower and fulness of fruit, and so my name may be written broad and clear on my forehead, and all men may see it, and say ‘He is not his own, he is God’s. Behold the seal is on him. He is in the image of his Father. He is of

the family of Christ.'"—REV. H. S.
HOLLAND.



This poor *One thing I do*—instead
of repining at its lowness or its hard-
ness—I will make it glorious by my
supreme loyalty to its demand.”—
GANNETT.



“God gives us light and love, and all
good things
Richly for joy, and power, to use aright;
But then we may forget *Him* in His
gifts—
We cannot well forget the hand that
holds
And pierces us, and will not let us go,
However much we strive from under
it—

The heavy pressure of a constant
pain . . .

Is it not God's own very finger-tips
Laid on thee in tender steadfastness?"

—H. HAMILTON KING.



"To descend penitently into the
valley of humiliation, to descend obe-
diently and with good courage into
the valley of the Shadow of Death, is
to ascend the hill of the Lord. To
excavate the foundation forwards the
erection of the temple."—CHRISTINA
ROSSETTI.



"Shadows to-day, while shadows show
God's will."



“Who knows? God knows: and what
He knows
Is well and best;
The darkness hideth not from Him, but
glows
Clear as the morning or the evening
rose
Of east or west.

“Wherefore man’s strength is to sit still;
Not wasting care
To antedate to-morrow’s good or ill,
Yet watching meekly, watching with
good will,
Watching to prayer.

“Some rising or some setting ray
From east or west,
If not to-day, why then another day

Will light each dove upon her home-
ward way

Safe to her nest."

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



"Thou hast little strength."

"Why not much strength?"—"God know-
eth."

"Were it not better to have more?"—

"Not while God assigns no more."

"With much, much could be done."—

"With little, all can be done."

"Give much, and I will glorify the
Giver."—

"Given much while disdaining little, and
thou wouldst glorify thyself or
Satan."

"O wretched man that I am!"—"Pray
God to mend thee, and He will
mend all else for thee."

"Yet fain would I, like an Angel, excel
in strength."—

"Safer for thee, like St. Paul, in weak-
ness to be strong."

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



"Christ's whole life was a Cross
and a Martyrdom: and dost thou seek
rest and joy for thyself?"—THOMAS
A'KEMPIS.



"We are more than conquerors
through Him that loved us."—
Romans viii. 37.



PRAYER

“O Lord Jesus, have mercy upon all sufferers. Grant them, continually meditating upon Thy holy life of suffering, to realize in weakness the strength of Thine Incarnation; in pain, the triumph of Thy Passion; in poverty, the riches of Thy Godhead; in reproach, the satisfaction of Thy sympathy; in loneliness, the comfort of Thy continual Presence; in difficulty, the efficacy of Thine intercession; in perplexity, the guidance of Thy wisdom; and bring them of Thy mercy, when this suffering life is past, to the glorious kingdom which,

by Thy suffering, Thou didst purchase for all who would take refuge in Thy mediation. Amen.”—R. M. BENSON, in *The Manual of Intercessory Prayer*.



The Ministry of Grief



"Arise! this day shall shine for evermore,
To thee a star divine on Time's dark
shore!

"Till now thy soul has been all glad and
gay;
Bid it awake and look at Grief to-
day! . . .

"But now the stream has reached a dark,
deep sea;
And Sorrow, dim and crowned, is wait-
ing thee.

"Each of God's soldiers bears a sword
divine:
Stretch out thy trembling hands to-day
for thine! . . .

"Then with slow, reverent step, and beating heart,
From out thy joyous day thou must depart—

"And leaving all behind, come forth alone,
To join the chosen band around the throne:—

"Raise up thine eyes!—be strong!—nor cast away
The crown that God has given thy soul to-day!" —ADELAIDE PROCTER.



I DID not know, till 'neath the rod
I passed, how sore I needed God;
In sorrow's night, lo! like a star
I saw His love shine from afar.

"I did not know, till on a grave
I saw the wind-blown grasses wave,
How futile and how fugitive
The baubles are for which we strive.

"I did not know, until above
God called the idol of my love
Beyond the reach of yearning eyes,
How beautiful is Paradise."

—SUSIE M. BEST.



"Our present existence is the least
and meanest portion of our inheritance;
death to the undying spirit is
only the birthday of immortal life."

—ARCHER BUTLER.



“When our dear ones slip out of our reach on their way into the ‘Valley of the Shadow’ and we can do no more for them, it is into His hands that we commit their spirits, and we know that He will take care of them there as He did here; when we ourselves ‘fall asleep,’ it will be in the assurance that the ‘last enemy’ has been transformed into an Angel of Mercy, whose mission is to be our guide into the presence of our Lord. So death ‘is swallowed up in victory,’ and the narrow portal of bodily dissolution becomes a royal pathway into the garden of eternal life.”—E. GRIFFITH JONES.



“We know that they are not leaving us who are to remain behind, forever, but a little while preceding us who are soon to follow.”

“They are not lost whom we lose, in Him whom we cannot lose.”—ST. AUGUSTINE.



“Who are in God’s hand, and round
about them thrown
The light invisible of a land unknown;
Who are in God’s hand; in quietness
can wait
Age, pain, and death, and all that men
call Fate:—
What matter if thou hold thy loved ones
prest
Still with close arms upon thy yearning
breast,

Or with purged eyes behold them, hand
in hand,
Come in a vision from that lovely
land;—
Or only with great heart and spirit sure
Deserve them and await them and en-
dure;
Knowing well, no shocks that fall, no
years that flee,
Can sunder God from these, or God
from thee;
No wise so far thy love from theirs can
roam,
As past the mansions of His endless
home.”

—FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.



"Death is the veil which those who live
call

Life. They sleep—and it is lifted."

—SHELLEY.



All the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

—LONGFELLOW.



"How could we bear this ugly
wrench of death, how could we ever
smile or play, or love again, 'if in
this world only we had hope'? Most
of us have some sacred spot where lie
the relics of our dearest treasure. We
go to the quiet resting place of our
sacred dead, and as we look at the

spring flowers preaching to us so sweetly of the great renewal, we whisper softly, 'In the likeness of His Resurrection.' One by one they will be given back to us 'conformed to the body of His glory.' Here they were 'in the likeness of His death' girt around with all the frailty and sore distress which comes alike to all, sharply pressed by anxious toil and bitter pains: 'My flesh and my heart faileth,' often enough they cried. But soon they will 'awake and sing,' brilliant they will come forth in the unapproachable and unknowable splendor of the risen Christ, understanding 'all mysteries and all knowledge,' fulfilled with the abundant

sweetness of the love of God. The same familiar form, the same gentle, playful smile, the same tender heart, only perfect with all the majesty of the risen life. 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' — T. B. DOVER, *Alive unto God.*



"Ah, my belovèd ones gone on before,
Who looked not back with hand upon
the plough,
If beautiful to me while still in sight,
How beautiful must be your aspects
now!
Your unknown, well known aspects in
that light
Which clouds shall never cloud for
evermore!"



“Once loving, we cannot love too long. Death and the grave need make no difference. ‘Out of sight, *in* mind,’ would be a proverb worthy of Christians.”—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



“Heaven gives us friends to bless the
present scene,
Resumes them to prepare us for the
next.” —YOUNG.



“In all that befalls ourselves we are not our own, but Christ’s. All that we call ours is His; and when He takes it from us—first one loved treasure, then another, till He makes us poor, and naked, and solitary—let us not sorrow that we are stripped of

all we love, but rather rejoice for that God accepts us; let us not think that we are left here, as it were unreasonably alone; but remember that, by our bereavements, we are in part translated to the world unseen. He is calling us away and sending on our treasures.”—H. E. MANNING.



“Peace, peace! He is not dead—he doth
not sleep!

He hath awakened from the Dream
of Life—

’Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions,
keep

With phantoms an unprofitable
strife! . . .

From the contagion of the world's slow
stain

He is secure—and now can never
mourn

A heart grown cold, a head grown grey
in vain.” —SHELLEY.



“Those who, having died in Christ, are now passed from our sight, are not to be thought of and remembered as detained in the corruption of the grave. No, we gather there indeed their precious dust, as the near and dear memorial of them as we have known them in the flesh. But they, their proper selves, have passed the Valley of the Shadow of Death. They walk the streets of the New Jerusalem and ‘they walk in white,’

in innocency, in purity, in victory, in peace. We may think of them as clothed in their new . illustrious forms, subject no more to the weaknesses, the pains, the wants and woes of the flesh. . . .

“The dear light of the Gospel of Jesus dispels all clouds, and with the passing away of uncertainty passes away our fear. And that great enemy, death, is seen to be the minister of His gentle mercy, bidding us take, in our last agony, His Sacrament of immortality. The night of death, as we term it, is but the twilight of those glorious hours in which the heavenly powers are to be revealed. The sun, the light of day, is beauti-

ful; but as when it sets, fair and more glorious worlds are seen above, so life, setting in the darkness of the grave, reappears in fairer worlds, and amid glories that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. Therefore let us thank God that while 'there is a natural body' there is also 'a spiritual body.'"—C. D. JACKSON, *Suffering Here — Glory Hereafter.*



“From bearing right
Our sorest burdens, comes fresh strength
to bear;
And so we rise again towards the light
And quit the sunless depths for upper
air.

Meek patience is as a diver's breath to all
Who sink in sorrow's sea, and many a ray
Comes gleaming downward from the
source of day

To guide us re-ascending from our fall."

—TURNER.



"Who that has really suffered has not felt that in gazing upward toward the Prince of sufferers, all things become changed in their relations? The melancholy past merges into the present, and the present becomes lost in a future—a future of hope, a future of mercy, a future that swallows up all sorrows, stills the cry of all anguish, deadens the edge of all pain. There with Him is all that we have lost, and all that we have

mourned for; there the loved ones that have gone before; there the innocent joys of childhood that soon flitted by; there the quick sympathies that soon were checked; there the warm affections that soon grew cold; there the fair hopes to which disappointment brought blight and decay. All are with Him. And to Him if our hearts yet remain true to God and to our better selves, every suffering tends to bring us nearer and nearer. We gaze only the more earnestly there, where we know we shall find all: 'Where our treasure is, there shall our heart be also.'"—
BISHOP ELLICOTT.



"I have *friends* in spirit land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not *others* but *themselves* are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change—the holy morn—light
breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
A change from twilight into day."

—WHITTIER.



"'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store."
—KEBLE, *The Christian Year*.



"O, if it has been our happiness to
discern in those we have loved on

earth the presence of heavenly graces, and now that they are gone it is our chief solace to recall them, apart from the intermingling of human imperfections—let us be sure that now the reality is outstripping our fondest imaginations, and the growth of Paradise is rearing flowers of a beauty which our dull hearts cannot yet conceive.”—R. G. SWAYNE.



“The glory of the future state of the blessed infinitely transcends all power of imagination; even when quickened by a life-long experience of the Divine goodness toward the saints on earth.”—A. J. MASON.



“We have Eternity for Love’s
Communion yet.”—F. HEMANS.



“Yes, they are more our own,
Since now they are God’s only;
And each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord’s caresses.

“Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us;
Love that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

"They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot,
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

"O dearest dead! to heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him—be doubts forgiven!
Who took you there to save you:—
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly."
—FREDERICK WM. FABER, D.D.



"Sorrow is for a season; but joy lasting,
Death is a translation into life."
ST. CHRYSOSTOM.



“The Apostle Paul rebukes, reproaches, censures those who sorrow at the departure of their friends. ‘We would not,’ says he, ‘have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.’ It is those that have no hope whom he speaks of as sorrowing at the departure of their friends. But we, who live in hope, and believe in God, and are confident that Christ suffered for us and rose again, we who abide in Christ, and rise again

through Him and in Him; why do we either ourselves recoil from departing out of this life, or lament and grieve over our friends' departure, as if they were perished; whereas Christ Himself, our Lord and God, admonishes us by His words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' If we do believe in Christ, let us put faith in His words and promises. . .

"This is not a passing away but a passing over and a transit to things eternal after this temporal journey has run its course. Who would not hasten to what is better?"—*ST. CYPRIAN.*



“When some beloved voice that was to
you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth sud-
denly,
And silence, against which you dare not
cry,
Aches around you like a strong disease
and new—
What hope? What help? What music
will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friend-
ship’s sigh,
Not reason’s subtle count. Nay, none
of these!—
Speak *Thou!* Availing *Christ!*—and fill
this pause.”

—E. B. BROWNING.



“What comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life; if all that is changed in us is our body—the mere shell and husk of us—such a change as comes over the snake when he casts the old skin, and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison and spreads its wings to the sun as a fair butterfly. Where is the sting of death, then, if death can sting and poison and corrupt nothing of us for which our friends have loved us; nothing of us with which we could do service to man or God?

Where is the victory of the grave, if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which holds us down—the mortal body?

Death is not death, then, if it kills no part of us, save that which hinders us from perfect life. Death is not death, if it raises us in a moment from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death, if it brings us nearer to Christ, who is the Fount of Life, if it perfects our faith by sight and lets us behold Him in whom we have believed. Death is not death, if it gives us to those

whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, for whom we long to live again. Death is not death if it joins the child to the mother who has gone before. Death is not death, if it takes away from that mother for ever all a mother's anxieties, a mother's fears, and lets her see, in the gracious countenance of her Saviour, a sure and certain pledge that those whom she left behind are safe—safe with Christ, and in Christ, through all the chances and dangers of this mortal life. Death is not death; for Christ has conquered death, for Himself, and for those who trust in Him.”—
CHARLES KINGSLEY.



“If I should say, ‘My heart is in a
grave,’

I turn away from Jesus, risen to save;
I slight that death He died for me;
I, too, deny to see
His beauty and desirability.

O Lord, whose heart is deeper than my
heart,
Draw mine to worship where Thou art.

“Who would wish back the saints upon
our rough

Wearisome road?
Wish back a breathless soul
Just at the goal?
My soul praise God

For all dear souls who have enough.

“I would not fetch one back to hope
with me
A hope deferred,
To taste a cup that slips
From thirsting lips:
Hath he not heard
And seen what was to hear and see?

“How could I stand to answer the re-
buke,
If one should say:
‘O friend of little faith,
Good was my death
And good my day
Of rest, and good the sleep I took’?”
—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



“Feel sure that heaven will be
better than earth; and that if any

earthly good reappear not there, it
will be superseded, not lost.”—
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



“Learn the mystery of Progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change
Decay;
But know we only hold our treasures
truly
When it seems as if they passed
away!” —ADELAIDE PROCTER.



“Life’s inadequate to joy.”—
BROWNING.



“Your friend is gone. Your life is
broken. Your soul is stunned. Is
it possible that, sitting still or walk-
ing drearily about in your grief, God

should make you know education as the law of growth, the endless principle of the sacrifice of a present for a better future; should reveal spirituality, and make you know the soul's value as far superior to anything that can concern the outer life; should open to you immortality, and show you the endlessness of His plans, so that what has appeared to your wretchedness to be complete and finished, should appear to be only just begun and not ready to be judged yet? Is there no consolation in these great thoughts? They do not take your sorrow off; and oh, whatever be your suffering, I beg you to learn first of all that not that,

not to take your sorrow off, is what God means, but to put strength into you, that you may carry it as the tired man, who has drunk the strength-giving river, lifts up his burden by the river-bank and goes singing on his way. Be sure your sorrow is not giving you its best unless it makes you a more thoughtful man than you have ever been before, unless it opens to you ideas that have before been unfamiliar; mostly these three ideas—education, spirituality, immortality. Those ideas are the keys of all the mysteries of life and so the gateways to consolation.

“And it is wonderful to see how, just as soon as a man is really

crushed and sorrowful, God seems by every avenue to be offering those great ideas for that man's acceptance. He seems to write them on the sky, to whisper them from every movement of the commonest machinery of life, to fill books with them that never seemed to know anything of them before, to make the vacant house and the full grave declare them. Know these truths. By them triumph over the sorrow that He cannot take away, and be consoled."—
PHILLIPS BROOKS.



“Why shouldest thou fear the beautiful
Angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the
skies,

Ready to kiss away thy struggling
breath,
Ready with gentle hands to close
thine eyes?

"Oh! what were life, if life were all?
Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou
wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far off
skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them
all to thee."

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.



"There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

—J. ELLERTON.



The Spiritual Body



"A face like my face that receives thee:
A man like to me,
'Thou shalt love and be loved by forever;
A hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new
Life to thee! See the *Christ* stand."
—BROWNING, *Saul*.





THEY who have passed from us do still exist in form—the same identical form, only glorified, etherealized, spiritualized, but with the same expression; radiant, indeed, with the light of heaven, and beautified, as we have known them here.”

“And so the Apostle Paul exclaimed, when groaning under the burdens of this weak and suffering body, and longing for the redemption for which he waited: ‘Not that we would be unclothed without form and feature and outward semblance, but clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.’ This is a clothing you perceive, not in the res-

urrection body which is from the earth, but in a body which is from heaven. We can have no idea whatever of a spirit without form. It is of the very nature of life to take unto itself or develop itself in form. In this world the spirit is not merely clothed but oppressed by its form, and it is evermore sighing for deliverance; so that form here rather conceals than expresses the aspiring life of the immortal spirit. But when it is freed from this incumbrance—this dull, heavy, feeble, and diseased form—it will clothe itself with the robes of its own divine beauty, and the instruments of its immortal strength. It will have a form moulded and de-

veloped by its own inherent virtues, and expressive of all the glory there is in perfect purity.

“In this world we would go far to fall down before the image of a perfect man, to see perfect justice, perfect goodness, untainted truth, unfailing charity, developed into outward form before our longing eyes. This is the human form divine of which the poets speak. It is in such forms, it is with such radiant features, that the spirits of the just are clothed. . . . It shows us, too, what is beautiful and comely in the sight of God and all His angels.”—C. D. JACKSON, *Suffering Here—Glory Hereafter*.



“Each with his own, not another’s heart,
Each with his own, not another’s
face—

O faces unforgotten, if to part
Wrung sore, what will it be to embrace!” —CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



“Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death: to them there is no death, but only a change of place, a change of state; they pass, *at once* and *instantly*, into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings, unchanged—purified doubtless from earthly stains, but still the same living, thinking, active beings

which they were here on earth. I say active, the Bible says nothing about their sleeping till the Day of Judgment, as some have fancied. Rest they may, rest they will, if they need rest. But what is true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care—this is true rest. Above all, to rest from the worst weariness of all—knowing one's duty and yet not able to do it. That is true rest; the rest of God, who works forever, and yet is at rest forever; Perfect rest, in perfect work; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things, when Christ

shall have made up the number of His elect.”—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



“Though the righteous be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest. . . . He pleased God and was beloved of Him; so that living among sinners he was translated. . . . He being made perfect in a short time, for his soul pleased the Lord; therefore hasted He to take him away from among the wicked. . . . His grace and mercy is with His saints, and He hath respect unto His chosen.”—*Wisdom* iv. 7, 10, 13-15.



HYMN.

"God is not the God of the dead, but
of the living."

"God of the living, in whose Eyes
Unveil'd Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away:
From this vain world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

"Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden now their life:
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, yet still most truly ours:
For well we know where'er they be,
That all are living unto Thee.

"Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not buried in a sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair

Beyond Thy Voice, Thine Arm, Thy
care,
Not lost upon a boundless sea,
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

“Thy will be done, for Thou art just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the Love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

“Amen.”



“To be with Christ when we depart is to be with Him without any interposing medium. It is to know that we know Him, that we love Him, that He accepts us, and that we shall never lose Him. And we go *at once*. ‘Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ,’ says the Apostle; as if the very moment of departure was also the moment of entering His presence, as if to depart and to be with Christ were actually the same thing. So it was with St. Stephen. He saw Christ when he was dying, and prayed, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ So when he died, Christ whom he had seen, received his spirit.

What a thought is this! The eyes closing now upon this present world of confusion and strife, and opening upon the holy calm of the unseen Church; closing upon suffering and sorrow, and opening upon joy that shall not end; closing on darkness and opening on light; closing—closing forever on all the powers of evil and the sense and presence of sin, and opening upon Him who is Himself Light and Life, Holiness and Love!”—WILLIAM MATURIN.



“Those we call dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends!”

—TENNYSON.



“So the body which a man will wear hereafter will be ‘his own body’—by no means on account of an identity of component parts, or of similar configuration, but because it is the only one which could issue out of that aggregate of facilities and relations called now his body. But the organism which is to clothe the man at the resurrection differs far more from the present body than the plant from the seed. Not only is it more beautiful, and stronger, ‘in glory’ and ‘in power,’ ‘it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruptibility.’ There is no fear lest it should again droop and die. The man has at

length reached true immortality. For to sum up the whole contrast in a word, the body which was 'sown a natural body, is raised a spiritual body.' That is the great distinction. Whereas on earth the man was 'in the flesh' and in paradise 'in the spirit,' he now finds the perfect union between the two when the spirit comes into a body which never limits or thwarts it, but which absolutely fulfils all its behests without difficulty."—A. J. MASON, *The Faith of the Gospel*.



“Lift up thine eyes to seek the invisible;
Stir up thy heart to choose the still
unseen;
Strain up thy hope in glad, perpetual
green
To scale the exceeding height where all
saints dwell:
‘Saints, is it well with you?’—‘Yea, it
is well.’”

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



“To be united to the ‘only God; to
be brought into harmony with the
love which is the foundation of all
being; to have every element in our-
selves for ever done away; to become
in character as well as privilege the
sons and daughters of the Lord Al-

mighty; and to look downward through eternal ages when, with bodies wholly adapted to our spirits, we shall rejoice in the reign and in the service of perfect righteousness—that, and nothing less than that, is what the resurrection of our Lord both foreshadows and secures.”—
WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D., *The Resurrection of our Lord*.



“Cross the waves of eternity with the wings of a spirit buoyed up on heavenly hope and childlike confidence, and you find there is an eternal country, which, when you must be driven from this little scene

of your life's struggle, will make you an eternal home."—W. J. KNOX-LITTLE.



"What is the significance of Death? Death in Christ is an accident in immortality. The great Unity of Life lasts on. The immortal life knows no break in its continuity, only *here* it is a life sin-stained, sorrow-laden; *there*, sin is gone, sorrow ended, when in Christ the living spirit passes the gates of the grave."—W. J. KNOX-LITTLE.



“Beyond the darkness, light; beyond the
scathe,
Healing; beyond the cross a palm-
branch tree;
Beyond death, life;—on evidence of
faith
I lift mine eyes to see.”



“Whether natural or spiritual, the
eyes that look are the eyes likely to
see.”—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



“The teaching of our Saviour and
the apostles, on the other hand, is al-
ways that, amidst whatever change,
it is the very man himself that is
preserved; and, if for the preserva-

tion of this identity any outward organization is required, then, although 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven,' God from the infinite treasure house of the new heavens and new earth will furnish that organization, as He has already furnished it to the several stages of creation in the present order of the world."—DEAN STANLEY.



“Who would not go
With buoyant steps to gain that blessed
portal,
Which opens to the land we long to
know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul’s im-
mortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and
the woe
In resting so?

“Ah, who would fear?
Since, sometimes through the distant
pearly portal
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light im-
mortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly
hear,
Breathing good cheer!

“Who would endure
To walk in doubt and darkness with mis-
giving,
When He whose tender promises are
sure—
The Crucified, the Lord, the ever liv-
ing—
Keeps us those ‘mansions’ evermore
secure
By waters pure?

“Oh, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit’s fairest dream-
ing:
‘Eye hath not seen’—no heart can un-
derstand
The things prepared, the cloudless radi-
ance streaming,
How longingly we wait our Lord’s
command,
His opening hand!

“O dear ones there!
Whose voices, hushed, have left our path-
way lonely,
We come, ere long, your blesséd home
to share;
We take the guiding Hand, we trust it
only—
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded
air,
That land so fair!”

—J. H. S.



“Therefore it is that, in the hope
of a full, personal, undivided life be-
yond the grave, we lift up our heads
as the hour of our redemption draw-
eth nigh. By the great fact that
Christ is risen the New Testament
teaches us that, if there be a future

life at all, it is we ourselves who live, not vapours, not ghosts, but in our present compound being, with our individual personal lives, recognizable by others and recognizing them.”—
WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D., *The Resurrection of our Lord*.



“This wonderfully woven life of ours shall not be broken by death in a single strand of it; it shall run on and on, an unbroken life, upheld by the will of the Eternal. Death cannot break it, but it shall change it. It shall draw from it all perishable dross. While the life remains the same, some elements of which its

strands are woven shall be changed ; instead of the silver cord shall be the thread of gold ; for the corruptible shall be the incorruptible ; and there shall be no more entanglement and imperfection, no more strain on any strand of it ; the flesh shall not chafe against the spirit, nor spirit against the flesh, but there shall be at last the one perfectly accorded, incorruptible and beautiful life.”—REV. NEWMAN SMYTH, *Old Faiths in New Lights*.



“For the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body
make.”



“It should be noticed that it is not taught us in the analogy of our

Lord's resurrection that the future life is a disembodied state. The future life is not to be one of pure spirit. We are to be like our Lord and He ascended into the Unseen in possession of a body like ours, only glorified, and made free from the law of sin and death. But the Resurrection of our Lord is an earnest that a time will come, to those who do their part in this world faithfully, when the diverse parts of our nature will be working in perfect friendship. And what a splendid outlook does this open up to those who are now struggling painfully towards the light and the truth, amid much discouragement and frequent lapses,

and but partial victories at best! It whispers of a time when our development will be easy and not difficult: and when the body will join with the soul in that evolution, which will mean that we shall be "transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit."—E. GRIFFITH JONES, *The Ascent Through Christ*.



"O, think of that assembly!
Their beauty and their peace;
Souls perfect, yet receiving
Love's infinite increase.
In full illumination,
Knowing as they are known,
The transitory ended
And the imperfect flown.

“His joy is through them spreading;
His will their will sustains;
Joint heirs, in rich possession,
Of Christ's eternal gains.
With vision all unclouded,
They see Him face to face,
Share in His intercessions
And ministries of grace.

“They rest from all their labors,
Yet serve Him day and night:
Their earthly forms are sleeping
But they in deep delight,
Wait for the Resurrection,
Of Life the perfect Crown,
The time of Restitution,
Christ's triumph, and their own.

“From henceforth, saith the Spirit,
Write, ‘Blessed are the dead’:
Believe that in Christ's Kingdom
All change must higher lead;

And when in bitter anguish
You close some tender eyes,
Doubt not they are beholding
The King of Paradise."

—C. M. NOEL



Recognition Beyond the Veil



"How wise and great and glorious thy
gentle soul has grown,
Loving as thou art loved by God, know-
ing as thou art known!
Yet in that world thou carest yet for
those thou lovedst in this;
The rich man did in torments, and wilt
not thou in bliss?
For sitting at the Saviour's feet and
gazing in His face,
Surely thou'lt not unlearn one gentle
human grace."

—ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES.



"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—*II. Samuel xii. 23.*

SUCH was the plaintive moan of the stricken monarch of Israel, over the remains of a darling boy. He spake those words under the profoundest experience that the heart of man can know—the death of a child; 'bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh'; nay, more, the reflection, in more or less degree, of his own soul. In such a case, in such an hour, the spirit clings to spirit, and follows it long after the form has passed from sight. The soul rises under the sweet attraction, and in that exaltation we look down upon the earth 'with such disdain as angels do.' Thus was the great king drawn away from earth, as

he tasted for a while the powers of the world to come. And, brethren, it is good for us all to drink of that cup, good if thus we are made never to lose sight of the bright world where they are who have gone hence in the Lord. For beneath the beams of it the dark places of this lower world will be illumined; and in the hope of it, amid no troubles may we ever despair.

“Oh! the comfort of having a world in reserve! No matter what may happen to us here, for this brief hour, if only there we have our treasures and find at last our home. If friends depart in Christ, we know that they have only reached their

home before us, and 'we sorrow not as men without such hope.' But still we follow them in our thoughts and musings, and say with the stricken monarch, 'I shall go to them; I shall see them and know them again, though they will nevermore return to me.' In the meantime we may use this truth for our consolation and also for our edification—that we shall meet again in the joy of a mutual recognition."—C. D. JACKSON, *Suffering Here—Glory Hereafter*.



"*They must desire to meet us again.* We know how they loved us when on earth. We know how

we loved them. We know what we were to each other. And of course they love us now! All their identity would be lost—we should be talking of mere dreamy abstractions if we could conceive it possible that they were not themselves! And they are still the same, they love us, and they desire to meet us again. Only they desire it calmly; not with the feverish temperament of fallen humanity, but with the calm, purified steadfast spirit of those who look into the face of Jesus Christ, and are satisfied. For they are 'delivered from the burden of the flesh,' and from the burden of an uncertain tomorrow, as they restfully look up

into that Face of Love unutterable."

—BISHOP WILKINSON, *The Communion of Saints*.



"Side by side are we still, though a
shadow

Between us doth fall;

We are parted, and yet are not parted,
Not wholly and all.

For still you are round and about me,
Almost in my reach,

Though I miss the old pleasant com-
munion

Of smile and speech.

And I long to hear what you are seeing
And what you have done,
Since the earth faded out from your
vision,

And the heavens begun;

Since you dropped off the darkening
fillet

Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright!

Though little my life has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought,
I have lived what has seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought,
Since the time when our path grew so
narrow

So near the unknown,
That I turned back from following after,
And you went alone.

For we speak of you cheerfully, always,
As journeying on;
Not as one who is dead do we name you;
We say, you are gone.

How could we speak of you sadly,
 We who watched, while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty
 Grew over your face?

Do we call the star lost that is hidden
 In the great light of the moon?
Or fashion a shroud for the young child
 In the day it is born?
Yet behold this were wise to their folly,
 Who mourn, sore distressed,
When a soul, that is summoned, be-
 lieving,
 Enters its rest!"

—PHOEBE CARY.



"I might show how the Christian
doctrine of the resurrection of the
body—the very fact of our future
identity, that we are to be our own

selves, and not something different from ourselves—involves of necessity the recognition of those whom we have known and mingled with here on earth. For what are we apart from them? Or what is our whole life with all the good and evil in it, made up of—all our thoughts and words and deeds; all our feelings, affections, judgments, principles; all our hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows—what is the best and worst part of our earthly history, but that which unites us with others! Is not our character, in every aspect of it, so interwoven with them that to eradicate the memory of those we love would be to destroy our own identity—to forget

them would be to forget ourselves?"
—WILLIAM MATURIN, *The Blessedness of the Dead in Christ*.



"Can I know it?" "Nay."
"Shall I know it?" "Yea,
When all mists have cleared away
Forever and for aye."

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



"Think what it will be to us to
meet again in joy those whom the
stern hand of death hath riven from
us, ere we had learned to love them
as they deserved: to see that the
grave yieldeth her spoil, and that the
warm flesh, and the flitting colour,
and the breathing life is again re-
stored to that cold and solemn spoil

of humanity, which we in tears consigned to the dust from whence it came; to press to our hearts those living forms which last we reverently coffined ere they were removed from beyond our sight; to hear again those accents in greeting which last sounded in our ears as heart breaking farewells, or pious commendations of the soul into the hands of the God of the spirits of all flesh. Need I speak of the development of every faculty and power of both body and soul: how the homeliest lineament will assume dignity and grace as they come more and more to receive the impress of the King of Saints; how the soul will expand in capacity as the won-

drous objects by which she is surrounded impress themselves upon her; how every department of the mind will become illuminated as the Light of Glory shines in upon its dark recesses; above all, how the heart will be enlarged and the capacity of affection dilated, as God, the supreme end of the creature and the ultimate object of his desire, fills it with His own irradiating Presence, burning out every foreign element, and transforming its very essence into His own self; for there all things shall be subdued unto Him, and He shall be all in all.”—BISHOP FORBES.



“O unspeakable joy, next to the bliss of the Beatific Vision, when the

Divine hands of our God shall reunite those whom death had parted—
unite to part or change no more.”—
WILLIAM MATURIN.



“It is not wrong—there are times when it may be most right and healthful—to single out one and another of that company which no man can number, and to assure ourselves that Christ shall bring again that face, that form, with all the brightness we have ever seen in it, in all the fulness of its power, with all that dimmed it taken away. I say, such an exercise of hope may sometimes be very helpful and cheering because it is not an exercise of fancy

at all; it is an effort to remove the hindrances which our senses and fancy oppose to what in our hearts we confess as true. . . .

“Because they have left the earth, have they ceased to care for it, seeing they are with Him who cares for it most, who alone has taught them to care for it? Whatever they cared for most, they must care for now, with a fuller sense of its worth, with an intenser zeal. Whatever sounds or sights they distinguished and delighted in, they must be able to perceive and interpret with a rarer and keener sense. Whatever evils they most mourned over, they must be seeking with a clearer intuition and

deeper prayer to exterminate.”—
FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.



“Friends are assigned to us for the sake of friendship: and homes for the sake of loves, and while they perform these offices in our hearts, in essence and in spirit they are with us still. The very tears we shed over their loss are proofs that they are not lost, for what is grief, but love itself restricted to acts of memory and longing for its other tasks, imprisoned in the past, and vainly striving to be free? God only lends us the objects of our affection: the affection He gives us in perpetuity. In this best

sense, instances are not rare in which the friend or the parent then first begins to live for us, when death has withdrawn him from our eyes, and given him over exclusively to our hearts.”—JAMES MARTINEAU.



“It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

“Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

“Sweet hearts around us throb and beat
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

"The silence—awful sweet and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

"So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

"And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

"To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

"Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

“Let death between us be as nought,
A dried and banished stream:
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.”

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



“We await the renewal of sun-
dered love. When love loses its ob-
ject its charm is interrupted, for love
is oneness and cannot brook separa-
tion. It is impossible to believe that
God organized into life an incurable
sorrow; that He has made love,
which is the best conceivable thing—
being the substance of Himself—the
necessary condition of the greatest
misery. What is infinite sorrow,
what is greatest misery, but love sun-
dered by hopeless death? There is

but one gate that leads out of this labyrinth of mortal perplexities, one thing and one only will make life other than a curse—namely, a belief that love, being eternal in its nature, will have eternal realization. Hence we do not believe that death is an end of love's oneness. Love may suffer an eclipse, but it is not sent wailing into eternal shadows. It is as sure as God Himself, that human love shall again claim its own. Will He have His and not give us ours? Will the Father of men keep His children forever in His conscious heart, and not let me have mine? There is nothing in this mingled light and shadow so sure as this.

“But this eternal union must be awaited. It begins here, springing out of mysterious oneness; it grows up amidst unspeakable tenderness, rising from an instinctive thing to an intellectual and moral union, losing nothing, and weaving itself into every strand of human sympathy till it stands for the whole substance of life, and so vanishes from the scene. If this prime reality is an illusion, then all else is. If it does not outlast death, then all may go. But love is not a vain thing, and God does not mock Himself and us when He made us partakers of His nature.”



“What is excellent
As God lives is permanent,
Hearts are dust, hearts’ loves remain,
Heart’s love will meet thee again.”
—THEODORE T. MUNGER, *The Freedom
of Faith*.



“There is no one of mature affections from whose arms some blessing of the heart—parent, sister, child—has not died away, and slipped, not at once into extinction, but (chief thanks to the Son of Man) into eternity. All we who dwell in this visible scene can think of kindred souls that have vanished from us into the invisible. These in the first place does Jesus keep dwelling near our

hearts; making still one family of those in heaven and those on earth. This He would, if by no other means, by the prospect He has opened, of actual restoration. The most distant promise of a renewed embrace is sufficient to keep alive an unforgetful love. Come where and when it may, after years or ages, in the nearest of the furthest regions of God's universe, it passes across our minds the vision of reunion: it opens a niche in the crypt of the affections, where the images of household memory may stand and gaze with placid look at the homage of our sorrow, till they light up again with life, and fall into our arms once more. It matters lit-

tle at what point in the perspective of the future the separation enforced by death is thought to cease.

“Faith and Love are careless time-keepers: they have a wide and liberal eye for distance and duration: and while they whisper to each other the words ‘Meet again,’ they watch and toil with wondrous patience—with spirit fresh and true, and, amid its most grievous loneliness, unbereft of one good sympathy. And since the grave can bury no affections now, but only the mortal and familiar shape of their object, death has changed its whole aspect and relation to us; and we may regard it, not with passionate hate, but with quiet reverence. It is

a divine message from above, not an invasion from the abyss beneath; not the fiendish hand of darkness thrust up to clutch our gladness enviously away, but a rainbow gleam that descends through tears, without which we shall not know the various beauties that are woven into the pure light of life.

“ . . . Worlds above and worlds below: mansions are they all of the great Father's house. . . . Having faith that the lost will assuredly be found, our souls detain them lovingly in the domestic circle still, and own one family in heaven and earth. We may cease to ask, in *which* of the provinces of God may be the City of

the Dead: a guide will be sent when we are called to go.”—JAMES MARTINEAU, *Endeavors After the Christian Life*.



“There is a shore
Of better promise! and I know at last
When the long Sabbath of the tomb is
past,
We, too, shall meet in *Christ* to part no
more.”

—H. KIRKE WHITE.



“*For the first time* the *real* loveliness of those whom on earth we ‘loved and lost’ will be made known to us in Paradise. Once we admired them, delighted to be with them, rejoiced

in their kindness, basked in their affection, clung to them as our supporting blessings, or stayed them up with the enduring effect of our sustaining strength. They were each a ray from God's own sunlight given to us, lent to us in our march through the night; their absence was a felt, a penetrating darkness; for years we remembered and mourned for them, long after our first hot tears had fallen on their graves. There we will see them, see them in their real beauty, in the light of the loveliness of that once suffering, now conquering Redeemer, whose unbounded merits, whose unfathomable grace, whose

propitiating sufferings have made them what they are.”—W. J. KNOX-LITTLE.



“I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever youthful brows that nobler
show;
We find in our dull road their shining
track;

In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow—
Part of our life’s unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;

They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-
hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore!—and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Ex-
pectation!”

—LOWELL.



“While we poor wayfarers still toil, with hot and bleeding feet, along the highway and the dust of life, our companions have but mounted the divergent path, to explore the more sacred streams, and visit the diviner vales, and wander amid the everlasting Alps of God’s upper province of creation. The memorial which our hand affectionately raised when they departed is no monument to tell what *once* had been and is no more; it is no symbol of hopeless loss; but the landmark from which we measure off the miles of *our* solitary way, and reckon the definite, though unknown, remnant of our pilgrimage: and as

the retrospect is lengthened out, the prospective loneliness is shortened to its close. And so we keep up the courage of our hearts, and refresh ourselves with the memories of love, and travel forward in the ways of duty with less weary step, feeling ever for the hand of God, and listening for the domestic voices of the immortals whose happy welcome awaits us.”—JAMES MARTINEAU.



“The day will come when the veil shall be taken from our eyes, and we shall see them as they are, with Christ, and in Christ forever.”—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



“Then let us be content in spirit, though
We cannot walk, as we are fain to do,
Within the solemn shadow of our griefs
Forever; but must needs come down
again
From the bright skirts of those protect-
ing clouds,
To tread the common paths of earth
anew.
Then let us be content to leave behind
us
So much; which yet we leave not quite
behind:
For the bright memories of the holy
dead,
The blessed ones departed, shine on us
Like the pure splendors of some large,
clear star,
Which pilgrims travelling onward, at
their backs

Leave, and at every moment see not
now,
Yet, whensoever they list, may pause
and turn,
And with its glories gild their faces
still;
Or as beneath a northern sky is seen
The sunken sunset glowing in the west,
A tender radiance there surviving long,
Which has not faded all away, before
The flaming banners of the morn advance
Over the summits of the Orient hills."

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



The Mutual Ministry of Prayer



“Whatever evils they most mourned over they must be seeking with a clearer intuition and deeper prayer to extirpate. And when God brings them with Him, it must be because the cry beneath the Altar has been answered and the long battle finished.”

—FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.



WE are all brethren, and by the bonds of human sympathy and the ties of Christian brotherhood are bound to help one another by prayer. And if the whole body of Christians, both those in the flesh and those out of the flesh, are but one family, then it is hard to believe that separation by death can interpose a barrier to our intercessions.”—H. M. LUCKOCK, *After Death*.



“One witness at least, to the truth of wider, happier thoughts as to the state of the dead than have recently prevailed among us, was borne, with no unfaltering voice, in no indistinct accents by the Church of the first

ages. In every form, from the solemn liturgies which embodied the belief of her profoundest and truest worshippers, to the simple words of hope and love which were traced over the graves of the poor, her voice went up, without a doubt or misgiving, in prayers for the souls of the departed. Those prayers were, indeed, part of the inheritance which she received from an older system. For more than two centuries before the Conqueror of Hades was revealed, they had entered into the worship of all true Israelites, had been a part of the services of the Temple and Synagogue. They passed, to say the least, unblamed by Him who laid His fin-

ger with such unsparing severity on the corrupt traditions of Pharisaism ; by the Apostle who had no words too sharp for the weak and beggarly elements which he had left behind when Christ was revealed to him. We have good grounds for believing that they mingled with the thankfulness and hope with which St. Paul thought of the souls that had gone before."—E. H. PLUMTRE, *The Spirits in Prison*.



"Oh, not with any sound they come, or
sign,
Which fleshly ear or eye can recognize ;
No curiosity can compass or surprise

The secret of that intercourse divine
Which God permits, ordains, across the
line,

The changeless line which bars
Our earth from other stars.

“But they come and go continually—
Our blessed angels, no less ours than
His;

The blessed angels, whom we think we
miss;

Whose empty graves we weep to name
or see,

And vainly watch, as once in Galilee
One, weeping, watched in vain
Where her lost Christ had lain.

“Whenever in some deep grief we find,
All unawares, a deep mysterious sense
Of hidden comfort come, we know not
whence;

When suddenly we see, where we were
blind;

Where we had struggled, are content,
resigned:

Are strong where we were weak—
And no more strive nor seek,

“Then we may know that from the far
glad skies,

To note our need, the watchful God has
bent,

And for our instant help has called and
sent,

Of all our loving angels, the most wise
And tender one, to point us to where lies
The path that will be best
The path of peace and rest.

“And when we find on every sky and field
A sudden, new, and mystic light, which
fills

Our every sense with speechless joy, and
thrills

Us, till we yield ourselves as children
yield
Themselves and watch the spells magi-
cians wield,
 With tireless, sweet surprise
 And rapture in their eyes,
“Then we may know our little ones have
run
Away for just one moment, from their
play
In heavenly gardens, and in their old
way
Are walking by our side, one by one
At all sweet things beneath the earthly
sun,
 Are pointing joyfully,
 And calling us to see!
“Ah! When we learn the spirit sound
and sign,
And instantly our angels recognize,
No weariness can tire, no pain surprise

Our souls rapt in the intercourse divine,
Which God permits, ordains, across the
line,

The changeless line which bars
Our earth from other stars."

—HELEN FISKE JACKSON.



"The dead do not need the succor of the prayers of the living in the same way as those do who are liable to temptation and whose salvation is not yet assured. But our prayers are of use to them in their progress. To omit the mention of them in the devotions of the Christian Church on earth would imply that all connection between them and us had ceased.

Nothing could be more untrue.”—A.
J. MASON, *The Faith of the Gospel*.



“Unless there were, in the Word of God, an absolute prohibition of prayer for the departed, how could we go on praying for those whom we love until they were out of sight, and then cease on the instant, as if ‘out of sight, out of mind’ were a Christian duty? How should we not rather follow the soul to the Eternal Throne, with the Apostle’s prayer, ‘The Lord grant that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day! . . .’ What an unspeakable privilege it is so to pray! It is so cold a thought that we have for the time no more to

do with those who loved us here and whom we have loved, that it must needs, on that ground alone, be false, because it is so contrary to love. And yet more, since the Church has always prayed for the departed from the very first, much nearer the time when Christ left this earth, than many of us are to the memories of our fathers.”—E. B. PUSEY.



“The Church hath taught us in general that the departed pray for us; that they recommend to God the state of all their relatives in the union of the intercession that our Blessed Lord makes for us and them.”—JEREMY TAYLOR.



“Again we ask in our restless eagerness, Do the souls of the righteous know what is passing on earth? Do they think of and pray for those they have left behind them? This much may at least be said with but small chance of error: that if they remember (and the consciousness of personal identity is, as we have seen, inseparable from memory) then if we believe in the Communion of Saints, if the perfected Christian character does not love that which was the crowning grace and excellence of the imperfect, they cannot but pray for those whom they have loved on earth;

for the whole Church Militant in its temptations and its conflicts.”—E. H. PLUMPTRE, *The Spirits in Prison*.



“To suppose that change of state would change their interests, change their fellow-feeling, change their desires towards their fellows still struggling on earth—this would seem inconceivable. And if it be so then, in a world where worship and a sense of dependence on God must possess every soul to a degree of which we can form no adequate conception, we cannot doubt that their intercessions ever rise for us in constant prayer—tender, and true, and fervent—that they who know our needs, our weak-

nesses, by their own long experience of like trials, cannot but pity, however they may have failed on earth to pray for others.”—T. T. CARTER, *Sympathy with the Faithful Departed.*



“How can I cease to pray for thee?
Somewhere
In God’s great Universe thou art to-
day.
Can He not reach thee with His tender
care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I
pray?
What matters it to Him who holds
within
The hollow of His hand all worlds—
all space—

That thou art done with earthly pain
and sin?

Somewhere within His ken thou hast
a place,

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of
Him;

Somewhere thy soul sees higher
heights to climb,

And somewhere still there may be val-
leys dim

That thou must pass to reach the hills
sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst
not hear

Poor human words of blessing, will I
pray,

O true, brave heart: God bless thee!
Wheresoe'er

In His great Universe thou art to-
day."

—UNKNOWN.



“We know that His providence compasses us about every hour of our lives; by what means He exercises it, it is not needful for us to know. At any rate we learn from our subject the duty of not allowing ourselves to forget those dear to us who have departed this life in God’s faith and fear: much less should we forget those to whom we owe so much, whom we commemorate on Saints’ Days. We should think of the ‘dead in Christ’ as earnestly praying for those dear to them on earth; as offering prayers for us of far more wisdom and efficacy than any which they offered when on earth with us, inas-

much as they are now nearer the throne: and they and their prayers are now purified from all worldly dross.”—J. C. BELLETT, *The Dead in Christ*.



“To weary hearts, to mourning homes
God’s meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.
“There’s quiet in that Angel’s glance,
There’s rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner’s
ear.
But ills and woes he cannot cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

“Oh! Thou who mournest on thy way
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, ‘Be resigned,
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.’”

—WHITTIER.



O Lord our God, we pray Thee support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work done.

Then in Thy mercy grant safe keeping and holy rest and peace at the last. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.



